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AN
ESSAY
ON

Prince *Eugene's* Success in *Italy*.

Essay

ESSAYS

Prince Eugene's Success in Italy.

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ON

Prince *Eugene's* Success in *Italy*.

By Way of EPISTLE

To the Honourable G. G. Esq;

*Vixere Fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed Omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotiq; longa
Nocte, carent quia Vate sacro.*

Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. Wotton, at the Three Diggers in
Fleet-street, MDCCIL.

AN ESSAY

ON

Prince Eugene's Success in Italy.

By Way of EPISTLE

To the Honourable G. G. Earl

Various Papers and Agreements
Made: and Other Circumstances
The same is now being
Noted, and will be soon

How

L O N D O N

Printed by W. Wood, at the Press of
J. M. B. C. C. C.

AN
ESSAY
ON

Prince *Eugene's* Success in *Italy*.

LET haughty Victors boast of Conquests won,
Tyrants subdu'd, and Armies overthrown:

In vain—for still without the Poet's Aid,
Their Trophies moulder, and their Laurels fade.

What numerous Crouds of Hero's did adorn

Th' ungrateful World, *Atrides* yet unborn?

In mournful Strains th' ill-treated Shades still grieve

At their hard Fate; the Timorous and the Brave

Find no Distinction in th' unjustly impartial Grave.

This *Jove* beheld, and look'd with pity down

On Worth neglected equal to his own :

Henceforth, said he, let Merit claim a Friend,

And every Conqueror a Muse attend.

Then *Homer* first did so divinely rave,

And *Virgil* enter'd the *Cumæan* Cave ;

Achilles Godlike Flame do's still survive,

And *Cæsar's* Vertues in *Æneas* live.

A nobler Subject shou'd your Muse engage,

A nobler Theme inspires this happy Age,

The mighty *Eugene's* Arms command your Sacred Rage.

Eugene a Prince, in whom at once conspire

The Soldiers Courage, and the General's Care ;

Whose early Deeds do a just Prospect give,

That *William's* Praise in *Eugene* shall survive.

From

From him the Generous Emulation came,
 He heard how *Nassau* got immortal Fame;
 How, tho' but beardless, *Gallia* felt his Arms;
 And *Europe* trembled at his fierce Alarms;
 How, when he thunder'd, numerous Troops did yield,
 And *Mars* himself forsook th' astonish'd Field;
 How by his Sword tempestuous Wars did cease,
 And strait at his Command appear'd triumphant Peace:
 How he almost commenc'd a God——
 This *Eugene* heard, a sudden Flame Possess'd
 His generous Mind, Ambition fir'd his Breast;
 Ambition, without which nothing that's Brave,
 Had e'er been done, or done, escap'd the Grave:
 Where had our *Decii* and *Camilli* been?
 Our *Pompey's*, *Cæsar's*, and those — more than Men

Who

Who had e'er heard of the great *Marinus* Fame,
 What gain'd *Æmilius* such a glorious Name,
 How, when in Arms, *Achilles* did appear,
 How the dire *Scipio*'s rag'd, those Thunderbolts of War?
 Had not *Jove* warm'd with more than human Heat,
 The Hero's Actions, and the Poet's Wit,
Turnus had never fought, or *Maro* Writ.

Eugene thus fir'd, with eager haste prepares,
 To save *Germania* from th' impending Wars:
 In vain the Floods! In vain the Rocks withstand,
 In vain the rugged *Alps*——
 All things must yield to Heaven's and his Command:
 Fearless, he climbs Mountains, as yet unpass'd,
 From thence surveys *Italia*'s armed Coast,
 Surveys the threatening Ruins from afar;
 Then 'midst the glorious Dangers of the War
 Impetuous

Impetuous rushes—So when *Titans* move
 With just Revenge the dire incensed *Jove* ;
 To curb their Rage, some Warlike Power he sends,
 With Flames and Thunder arm'd, th'avenging God descends.

With no less Zeal his Troops pursue the Fight,
 Boldly th' assert their injur'd Monarch's Right :
 See! see! where e'er they spread their loud Alarms ;
 Success still Crowns the pious Soldiers Arms ;
 As they advance, what Laurels *Carpi* yields!
 What Trophies wait them in the *Mantuan* Fields!
 With Fear I view *Cremona's* purple Streams,
 With trembling Joy I view the raging Flames :
 Succeeding Ages shall astonish'd read
 This bold, unrival'd, unexampled Deed ;
 A Deed, shall every generous Breast inspire
 With the same noble Heat, with the same Godlike Fire.

But oh! What Words, what Humane Sounds can praise,
The haughty Grandeur of the General's Face;
When 'midst the Storms of War unmov'd he stood,
And bravely daring for *Europa's* Good,
Unmindful of his own, he fought in Seas of Blood :

As *Neptune* once rous'd from his watry Bed,
Above the Waves rear'd his tremendous Head
To save the *Trojans* ; at whose awful Nod
The Winds were hush'd, and the Seas own'd their angry
So *EUGENE* look'd—— (God :

Had I a *Genius* able to impart
Great *Homer's* Rage, or *Virgil's* nobler Art ;
Cou'd I (as who records his Triumphs ought)
Write with the manly Spirit *Eugene* fought :

Th'

[II]

Th' immortal *Eugene* shou'd not less appear,
 Than *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, or the God of War;
 His Name shou'd Sound thro' every ecchoing Grove,
 Equall'd by none, but *Nassau* and by *Jove*.

My Spirits sink, and I would fain retire,
 But Justice still one Labour do's require,
Luzara still demands the Muses Care.

Let *Crequi's* Ghost, and vanquish'd * *Bourbon* tell, K. of Spain.
 How bravely *Eugene* fought, how great *Commerci* fell.

Thy Praises, *Eugene*, shall for ever live,
 The Trophies thou hast rais'd shall Time its self survive.
 Not the brave God-like *Philip's* braver Son,
 Cou'd boast a more immortal Conquest won.

Not

Not *Cæsar's* self did e'er more Honour Gain,

Tho' triumph'd over the *Pharfalian* Plain :

Nor he, who forc'd dire *Hannibal* to yield,

And won the long disputed World at Zama's fatal Field.

FINIS.